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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT

REGULATED BY THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED FOLIO OF 1632, CONTAINING EARLY MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS

WITH A

HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF THE POET, AND AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES AND THE READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

"The first Part of Henry the Sixt" was printed originally in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages; viz. from p. 96 to p. 119 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It was reprinted in the folios 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

This historical drama is first found in the folio of 1623: no earlier edition of it in any shape, or in any degree of imperfectness, has been discovered. Of the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," copies in quarto, under different titles, lengthened in some speeches, and abbreviated in others, are extant; but the first part of "Henry VI." appeared originally in the collected edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," put forth under the care of his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell.

This single fact is sufficient, in our mind, to establish Shakespeare's claim to the authorship of it, even were we to take Malone's assertion for granted (which we are by no means inclined to do) that the internal evidence is all opposed to that claim. When Heminge and Condell published the folio of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they would have been guilty of the dishonesty, would hardly have committed the folly of inserting a play in their volume which was not his production, and perhaps well known to have been the work of some rival dramatist. If we imagine the frequenters of theatres to have been comparatively ignorant upon such a point, living authors and living actors must have been aware of the truth, and in the face of these Heminge and Condell would not have ventured to appropriate to Shakespeare what had really come from the pen of another. That tricks of the kind were sometimes played by fraudulent booksellers, in publishing single plays, is certainly true; but Heminge and Condell were actors of repute, and men of character: they were presenting to the world, in an important volume, scattered performances, in order to "keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare," and we cannot believe that they would have included any drama to which he had no title. In all probability they had acted with Shakespeare in the first part of "Henry VI.:" they had received his instructions and directions from time to time with reference to the performance of it, and they must almost necessarily have been acquainted with the real state of the property in it.

Our opinion is therefore directly adverse to that of Malone, who, having been "long struck with the many evident *Shakespeareanisms* in these plays," afterwards came to the

conclusion that he had been entirely mistaken, and that none of these peculiarities were to be traced in the first part of "Henry VI.:" "I am, therefore (he added), decisively of opinion, that this play was not written by Shakespeare." To support this notion, he published a "Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI.," in which he argued that the first part was not only not the authorship of Shakespeare, but that it was not written by the same persons who had composed the second and third parts of "Henry VI."

With reference to the question, how far and at what time Shakespeare became connected with the plays, known as the three parts of "Henry VI.," it is necessary to observe, that it was very usual in the time of our great dramatist, for one poet to take up the production of another, and, by making additions to and improvements in it, to appropriate it to his own use, or to the use of the theatre to which he belonged. This practice applied to the works of living as well as of dead poets, and it has been conjectured that when Robert Greene, in his "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592, spoke of Shakespeare, as "the only Shake-scene in a country," and as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," he alluded chiefly to the manner in which Shakespeare had employed certain dramas, by Greene and others, as the foundation of his three parts of "Henry VI." These certain dramas were some undiscovered original of the first part of "Henry VI.;" the first part of "The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," 1600; and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595. It was by making additions, alterations, and improvements in these three pieces, that Shakespeare's name became associated with them as their author, and hence the player-editors felt themselves justified in inserting them among his other works in the folio of 1623.

There are two other theories respecting the elder plays we have mentioned, neither of them, as it seems to us, supported by sufficient testimony. One of them is, that the first part of "Henry VI.," as it is contained in the folio of 1623, the first part of the "Contention," 1594, and the "True Tragedy," 1595, were in fact productions by Shakespeare himself, which he subsequently enlarged and corrected: the other theory is, that the two latter were early editions of the same dramas that we find in the folio, and that the imperfections or variations in the quarto impressions are to be accounted for by the surreptitious manner in which the manuscript, from which they were printed, was obtained by the booksellers. In support of the first of these opinions, little better than conjecture can be produced, contradicted by the expressions of Greene in 1592, as far as those expressions apply to these plays; and with regard to the second opinion, in some places the quarto editions of the first part of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy" are fuller, by many lines, than the copy in the folio, 1623, which would hardly have been the case, had the dialogue been taken down in short-hand, and corrected by memory: in the next place, the speeches have such a degree of completeness and regularity

as to render it very improbable that they were obtained by so uncertain and imperfect an expedient. We think it most likely that the first part of "Henry VI." was founded upon a previous play, although none such has been brought to light: and that the materials for the second and third parts of "Henry VI." were mainly derived from the older dramas of the first part of "The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York."

Although no such drama has come down to us, we know, on the authority of Henslowe's Diary, that there was a play called "Harey the VI." acted on 3d March, 1591-2, and so popular as to have been repeated twelve times. This was, perhaps, the piece which Shakespeare subsequently altered and improved, and to which Nash alludes in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592 (sign. H. 2.), where he speaks of "brave Talbot" having been made "to triumph again on the stage," after having been two hundred years in his tomb. Malone (Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 298.) concludes decisively in the affirmative on both these points, forgetting, however, that the "Harey the VI." acted by Henslowe's company, might possibly be a play got up and represented in consequence of the success of the drama in the authorship of which Shakespeare was concerned.

If our great dramatist founded his first part of "Henry VI." upon the play produced by Henslowe's company, of course, it could not have been written until after March, 1592; but with regard to the precise date of its composition we must remain in uncertainty. Malone's later notion was, as we have already observed, that Shakespeare's hand was not to be traced in any part of it; but Steevens called attention to several remarkable coincidences of expression, and passages might be pointed out so much in the spirit and character of Shakespeare, that we cannot conceive them to have come from any other pen. Coleridge has instanced the opening of the play as unlike Shakespeare's metre (Lit. Remains, vol. ii. p. 184.): he was unquestionably right; but he did not advert to the fact, of which there is the strongest presumptive evidence, that more than one author was engaged on the work. The very discordance of style forms part of the proof; and in his lectures in 1815, Coleridge adduced many lines which he believed must have been written by Shakespeare.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
DUKE OF EXETER.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset.
RICHARD PLATAGENET, Duke of York.
EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY, and SUFFOLK.
TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury:
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and King of Naples.
DUKES of BURGUNDY and ALENÇON. BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris. Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter. An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The Corpse of King HENRY *the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER: *the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace.
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry 's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish[1] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright Cassiope.[2]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

[1] Pope reads: marish, *marsh*. [2] This word is not in f. e.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I 'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

3 *Mess.* O! no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the rearward[1] plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,

[1] vaward: in f. e.

Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.
3 *Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.
Bed. His ransom, there is none but I shall pay.
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall cause[1] all Europe quake.
3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glo. I 'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,[2]
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.[3]
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

[1] make: in f. e. [2] send: in f. e. [3] This circumstance is mentioned in other writers of the time.

What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
The whiles,[1] the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.
Reig. Let 's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now, for the honour of the forborne[2] French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me.
When he sees me go back one foot, or flee.[3] [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[4] or device,
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;

[1] otherwhiles: in f. e. [2] forlorn: in f. e. [3] fly: in f. e.
[4] *Machines.*

Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we 'll e'en let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What 's past and what 's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter LA PUCELLE, *Bastard of Orleans, and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?
Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, my lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
[*They retire.*[1]
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter.
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our gracious Lady[2] hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *our Lady gracious*: in f. e.

God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this; thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Or,[1] I renounce all confidence in you.[2]

Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then, come o' God's name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from no man.
[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'T is the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
[*They talk apart.*[3]

[1] otherwise: in f. e. [2] in you: not in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My, lord, where are you? what devise you on?
[*To him.*[1]
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortunes bare at once
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverent worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we 'll try.—Come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. Tower Hill.

Enter at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[2]
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'T is Gloster that now calls.
[*Servants knock.*

[1] Not in *f. e.* [2] *Fraud, theft.*

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who 's there, that knocks so imperiously?
1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who will'd you so? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
GLOSTER'S *Men rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*
Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here 's Gloster that would enter.
Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.
1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector:
We 'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.
Enter WINCHESTER, *and Servants in tawney coats.*[1]
Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this.
Glo. Pill'd[2] priest, dost thou command me be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin,[3]

[1] This, according to Stow, was the dress of a bishop's attendants. [2] *Shorn.* [3] The stews in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, whose palace stood near by.

I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus,[1] be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I 'll beard thee to thy face.
Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this is a privileg'd place:
Blue coats[2] to tawney coats. Priest, beware your beard!
[GLOSTER *and his Men attack the Bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church;
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose![3] I cry—a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawney coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!
Here GLOSTER'S *Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.*
May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs.
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here 's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

[1] It was the old popular belief, that the site of Damascus was the place where Cain killed Abel. [2] This was the usual livery of servants. [3] A *title* applied to those who had contracted a malady to which frequenters of the stews are liable

But to make open proclamation.—
Come, officer: as loud as thou canst cry.
Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*
Glo. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we 'll meet to thy dear cost be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I 'll call for clubs[1] if you will not away.—
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head:
For I intend to have it off ere long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that[2] nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Wont[3] through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer on my post.

[1] The usual city cry in times of tumult. [2] these: in folio. [3] went: in folio.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT; *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord of Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death.
Rather than I would be so vile[1] esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walk'd about me every minute-while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

[1] *pil'd*: in folio.

Now, it is pper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled. [GARGRAVE *fall.*
[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO.
Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.
Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
Speak Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak: [us?—
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thine eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury want mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles———
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*An Alarum: it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd, [head:
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent.
And then we 'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursues the Dauphin, and drives him; then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes.—I 'll have a bout with thee:
Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee; thou art a witch[1],
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger[2]-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE *enters the town, with Soldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

[1] It was an old popular belief, that if a witch lost blood, her power was ended. [2] hungry: in f. e.

I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous[1] from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O! would I were to die with Salisbury.
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves[2];
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

[1] Pope reads: timorous. [2] wolves is from the second folio

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
[*Exit Sergeant.*

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.
Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that, Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid, and be so martial?
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practice and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed. I 'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter the Town.*

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

Frenchmen leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready*[1] *and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

[1] *Half-dressed.*

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then, how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 't is sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[1] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

[1] *Plots*, or *plans*.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then. I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. [mind.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome.—What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go, ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief.
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant[1] for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you, lady[2], presently.
He winds his Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.
How say you, madam? are you now persuadod,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,

[1] This word was often used as a term of contempt. [2] This word is not in f. e.

And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger; and thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding-roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole.
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He braves[2] him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

[1] fashion: in folio. Theobald changed the word. [2] bears: in f. e.

Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah! thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me in my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster,
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
Ten[1] thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

[1] a: in f. e.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir:
Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, *blind*[1], *brought in a Chair by two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in a cage of care,
Argue the end of Edward Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.[2]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.
[*Exit Keeper.*[3]

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] *End.* [3] Not in f. e.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and Keeper.*[1]

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheek,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward, king the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was for that young king Richard thus remov'd,
(Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am

[1] The words, "and keeper," are not in f. e.

From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gather;
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle! would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral.
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my will th' advancer[1] of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a Bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

[1] advantage: in f. e.

Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree:
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, proud,[1]
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preserveth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler:
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

[1] *or perverse*: in f. e.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
[*Aside.*
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within: Down with the tawney coats!*
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again: Stones! Stones!*
Enter the Mayor of London, and some Citizens.[1]
May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop's and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knocked out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.
Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER, *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*
K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. You, of my household, leave this peevish broil,

[1] *Enter the Mayor of London attended:* in f. e.

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn[1] mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

3 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to preserve[2] a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, lord protector; and yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.
[*Winchester refuses it.*[3]

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.

[1] A term usually applied to pedantry. [2] prefer: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
[*Gives his hand.*[1]
Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart. [*Aside.*
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. O, loving uncle, and kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters: trouble us no more,
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* And so will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt Mayor, Citizens,*[2] *Servants, &c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for, sweet prince,
And if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restor'd to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy honour'd[3] servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon of that duty done,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] This word is not in f. e. [3] humble: in f. e.

I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall:
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty.

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. Paisans, les pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[*Opening the gates.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [PUCELLE, *&c. enter the City.*

Enter CHARLES, *Bastard of* ORLEANS, ALENÇON, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants[1].
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a Battlement, holding out a Torch burning.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and English Soldiers.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt to the Town.*

[1] *Confederates.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a Chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *Bastard,* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel: do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of hell's[1] despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c. from the Walls.*

[1] all: in f. e.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and others.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*
Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*
Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is double honour, Burgundy;
Yet[1] heavens have glory for this victory.
Bur. Warlike and matchless[2] Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks[3]?
What, all a-mort[4]? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.
Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy
Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the Bastard*, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail,
We 'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,

[1] Dyce suggests, *let*, as the reading. [2] martial: in f. e. [3] *Scoffs.* [4] *Dispirited.*

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise.
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
An English March. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT *and his Forces.*
There goes the Talbot; with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.
A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY *and Forces.*
Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay; let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see her[1] cities and her[2] towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely[3] babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord:
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours.—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!
[*Aside.*[4]

[1] [2] the: in f. e. [3] lowly: in f. e. [4] Not in f. e.

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords*, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to his God, and next unto your grace.
K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of that[1] truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place. [*and Nobles.*

[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,

[1] your: in f. e.

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Striking him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *The Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
[*Sound Trumpets.*[1]

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[*Governor kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[2]
Malicious practices against his state.
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy. [*Gives it.*[3]

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!

[1] *Not in f. e.* [2] *Intend.* [3] Not in f. e.

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then, judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, his fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in worst[1] extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And, now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

[1] most: in f. e.

Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend[1] some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads.*] "I have upon especial cause,—
"Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
"Together with the pitiful complaints
"Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
"Forsaken your pernicious faction,
"And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become thy foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes, but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

[1] *pretend: in f. e.*

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow, here, with envious carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, royal lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men:
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations still[1] arise.—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest, clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;

[1] shall: in f. e.

Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red Rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long

To be presented by your victories
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., *and* BASSET.
War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wist, he did.—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'r, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.
Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.
English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,

If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou standst, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due[1] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like[2] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—

[1] *Endue.* [2] Like lean, poor deer.

God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him, a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted[1] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.

[1] *Retarded*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd into a Cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord, your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—[*Gives it.*[1]
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Ambassadors.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [*Exit.*[2]

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey, of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*[3]

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Exeunt:* in f. e.

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts[1];
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[2]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof

[1] *Amulets.* [2] Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were Amaimon, Gorson, and Goap, kings of the East, South, and West, all with devil marquisses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls, under them.—*Douce.*

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O ! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a farther benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress ?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting; LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O ! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee !
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in Lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*

O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her go[1];
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy stream,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?[2]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and mocks the sense of touch.[3]

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

[1] pass: in f. e. [2] These two words are from the second folio. [3] makes the senses rough: in f. e.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a Soldier*[1].

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Sold. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

[1] *servant: in f. e.*

Tal. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither[1] sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers, leaving the two bodies.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *Bastard*, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,[2]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Pus. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
"Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid:"
But with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the still bleeding[3] nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a French Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath[4] the glory of the day.

[1] *Yielding.* [2] *Mad.* [3] most bloody: in f. e. [4] hath obtained: in f. e.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'd thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me briefly[1] whom thou seekest now[2].
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford[3], Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth
Of all his wars within the realms of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this,—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
O! that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies that I bear them forth[4],
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:

[1] [2] These two words are not in f. e. [3] The old name of Wexford.
[4] that I may bear them hence; in f. e.

But from their very ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of much[1] Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near kin[2] to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.
Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, *as a Cardinal.*

[1] our: in f. e. [2] knit: in f. e.

This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.
[*Exit* YORK, *with his Forces.*
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Army; an Officer of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage *lingering, looks* for rescue,

You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[1] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not; begone.

[1] *Not to be avoided.*

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for 'vantage every one will swear,
But if I fly[1], they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shamed in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

[1] bow: in f. e.

Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:

Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that 's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, [*Aside.*
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much: [*Aside.*
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, pray tell me[1], wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not then ween[2]
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. A queen in bondage is more vile to me[3]
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be true[4].
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,

[1] The words, "pray tell me," are not in f. e. [2] not suppose: in f. e. [3] To be a queen in bondage is more vile: in f. e. [4] free: in f. e.

If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I give consent.
Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colours forth!
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward.*
A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the Walls.*
Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit, from the Walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming down.
Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*
Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such peevish[1] tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.
Suf. O wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mid[2] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

[1] *Foolish.* [2] mad: in f. e.

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded; and a Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit miser[1]! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please, you, 't is not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle[2]!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

[1] *Miserable person.* [2] Often put in the mouths of uneducated persons, for *obstinate*, by writers of the time.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O! give me leave; I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence:—with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!
Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*
Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *Bastard,* REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd[1] voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegeman to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I 'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibillity of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparisons?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:

[1] poison'd: in f. e.

If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
[*Aside to* CHARLES.
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES, *and his Nobles, give tokens of fealty.*
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we interchange[1] a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;

[1] entertain: in f. e.

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret, more than that
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel?
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
The most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

"The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages; viz. from p. 120 to p. 146 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the subsequent folio impressions.

INTRODUCTION.

The "history" is an alteration of a play printed in 1594, under the following title: "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1594." By whom it was written we have no information; but it was entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 12th March, 1593. Millington published a second edition of it in 1600: on the 19th April, 1602, it was assigned by Millington to Tho. Pavier, and we hear of it again, in the Stationers' Register, merely as "Yorke and Lancaster," on the 8th November, 1630.

The name of Shakespeare was not connected with "the first part of the Contention," until about the year 1619, when T. P. (Thomas Pavier) printed a new edition of the first, and what he called "the second, part" of the same play, with the name of "William Shakspeare, Gent." upon the general title-page. The object of Pavier was no doubt fraudulent: he wished to have it believed, that the old play was the production of our great dramatist.

Shakespeare's property, according to our present notions, was only in the additions and improvements he introduced, which are included in the folio of 1623. In Act. iv. sc. 1, is a line necessarily taken from "the first part of the Contention," as the sense, without it, is incomplete; but the old play has many passages which Shakespeare rejected, and the murder of Duke Humphrey is somewhat differently managed. In general, however, Shakespeare adopted the whole conduct of the story, and did not think it necessary to correct the obvious historical errors of the original.

It is impossible to assign a date to this play excepting by conjecture. Its success, perhaps, led to the entry at Stationers' Hall of the older play in March, 1593, and to its appearance from the press in 1594.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, his Uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET, } of the King's
DUKE OF SUFFOLK, } Party.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, }
LORD CLIFFORD, and his Son. }
EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.
EARL OF WARWICK, }
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower. LORD SAY. SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother. SIR JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea-captain, Master and Master's Mate.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with SUFFOLK. VAUX.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, Priests.
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer. PETER, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, an Impostor. Two Murderers.
JACK CADE.
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., Cade's Followers.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch. Wife to SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various Parts of England.

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, *King* HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other,* *Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderlievest[1] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys:
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis: It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.——Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father."—[*Pausing.*[2]]

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*Reads.*[3]] "Item: It is farther agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

[1] A compound Saxon word, found in Chaucer, *my all dearest.*
[2] [3] Not in f. e.

K. Ken. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel thee down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been[1] crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,

[1] This word is not in the folio,—is added by the MS. emendator, folio, 1632.

Undoing all, as all had never been.
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——
Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd of the people.—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend to profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force did Warwick win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last.
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless[1] hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:

[1] hapless: in f. e.

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[1]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts.
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER's House.

Enter GLOSTER *and the Duchess.*

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

[1] Meleager, prince of Calydon, died in great torments, when his mother, Althea, threw into the flames the firebrand, upon the preservation of which his life depended.—*Knight.*

What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together heav'd it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey! my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there? Sir John![1] nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thou, and I.
Enter HUME.
Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough: I 'll think upon the questions.
When from St. Albans we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit Duchess.*

[1] Addressed "Sir John" as a priest.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's, and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort[1] how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and others, with Petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in sequel[2].

2 *Pet.* Marry, the lord protect him, for he 's a good man. Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and Queen* MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my

[1] *Happen.* [2] in the quill: in f. e.

house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We 'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the Petition.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Marias* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome.
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.
Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.
Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat[1] as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we will weed all the realm,[2]
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

[1] A common abusive epithet applied to women. [2] we 'll weed them all at last: in f. e.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[1] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent: I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. A cardinal 's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her Fan.*

[1] *Denied.*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?
[*Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?
Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was against her will.
Duch. Against her will. Good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Duchess.*
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
She 'll gallop fast[1] enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But to the matter that we have in hand.—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me there,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

[1] far: in f. e. Pope also reads *fast*.

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dung-hill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of this man prevaileth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. The Duke of GLOSTER'S Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters: the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this geer: the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times,
Deep night, dark night, and silence[1] of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break ope[2] their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle:* BOLINGBROKE, *reads,* Conjuro, te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

Boling. First of the king: what shall of him become?

[1] silent: in f. e. [2] up: in f. e.

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the Spirit speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*
Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?
Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
Foul[1] fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*
Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards.*
York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the Papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit Duchess from above.*
We 'll see your trinkets here are all forth-coming;
All.—Away! [*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTH., BOLING., &c.
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?—
By water shall he die, and take his end."—
"What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles;

[1] false: in f. e.

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, *Cardinal, and* SUFFOLK, *with Falconers, hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[1]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much: he 'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

[1] Birds of the brook.

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
And with such holiness you well can do it.[1]
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, would 't were come to that!
[*Aside to the Cardinal.*
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* GLO.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd, the east side of the grove.
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.[2] [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I' ll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*
Car. Medice teipsum:

[1] With such holiness can you do it: in f. e. [2] In the folio, this and the two preceding speeches are given to Gloster. Theobald made the correction.

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"
Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king: tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a Chair; his Wife and the Multitude following.*
Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said,—"Sander, come
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Ken. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What 's his name? [*Pointing to one.*[1]

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Sander Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Sander, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

[1] Not in f. e.

Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think his cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?[1]

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A Miracle!"*

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town, Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True, made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

[1] This speech is printed as prose in the folio.

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort[1] of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practic'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
[*Giving a paper.*[2]

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave t' afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom. [ones;

K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company,
And give her, as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] *Company.* [2] Not in f. e.

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at the full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seized on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the very truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown. [right;

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March;
Edmond had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son, son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmond Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot[1] be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king,
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence.
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,

[1] *Spot.*

Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sin
Such as by God's book is adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURD., *&c.*
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—
[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected like a child by peers.[1]
God and king Henry govern England's helm.[2]

[1] The words "by peers," are not in f. e. [2] realm: in folio; Johnson made the change.

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glos. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff;
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.[1]
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught[2]—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her proudest[3] days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man to enter lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore,
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[4]

[1] This line is not in f. e. [2] *Taken away.* [3] youngest: in f. e.
[4] A *wine* made at a *place of that name* near Lisbon.

3 *Neigh.* And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking both, and fall to blows.—
Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen. And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.[1]

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold, I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

K. Hen. Go, and take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:

[1] Some mod. eds. add: "as Bevis, of Southampton, fell upon Ascapart," from the old play of the "First Part of the Contention," on which the present drama was founded.

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what 's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath[1] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious[2] looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster! hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

[1] *Scarcely, not easily.* [2] *Malicious.*

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear; thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, sir John, farewell.
Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?
Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Servants.*
Duch. Art thou gone so? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.
Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state you shall be used.
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet.[1] *Enter to the Parliament, King* HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see, or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverend care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond,[2] call it a woman's fear;

[1] *Sounding of trumpets.* [2] *Foolish.*

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.
My lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegations if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

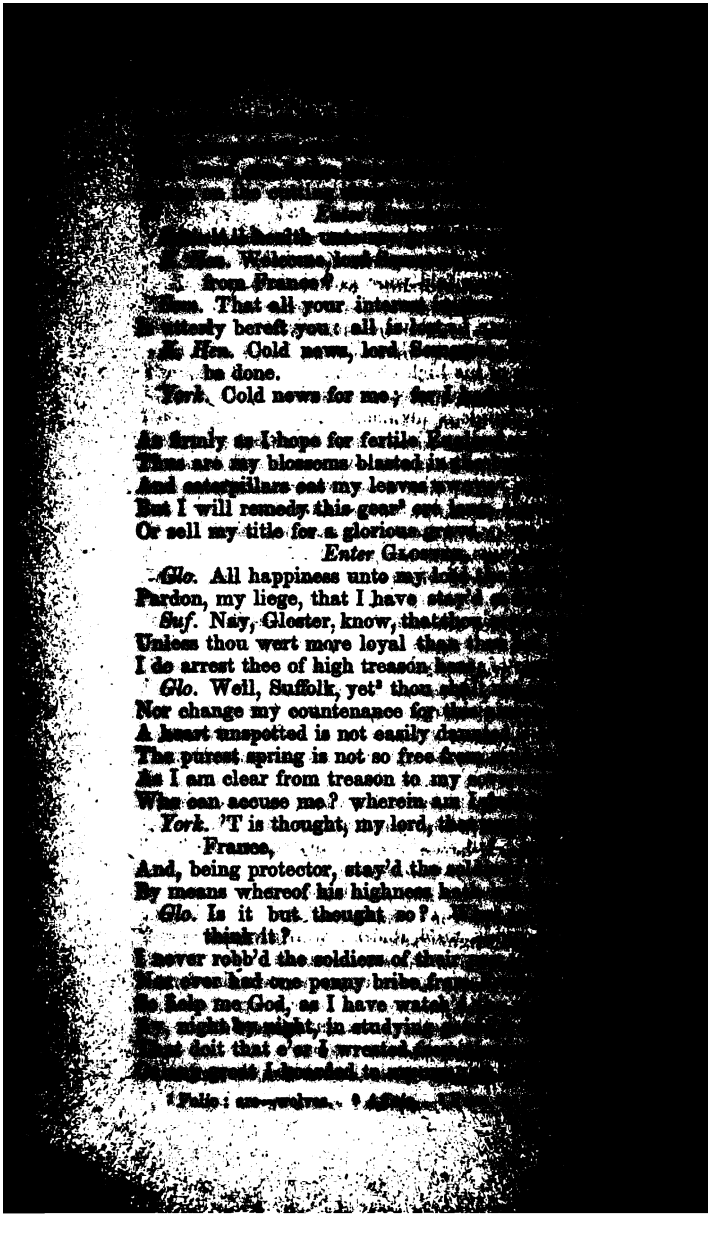
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

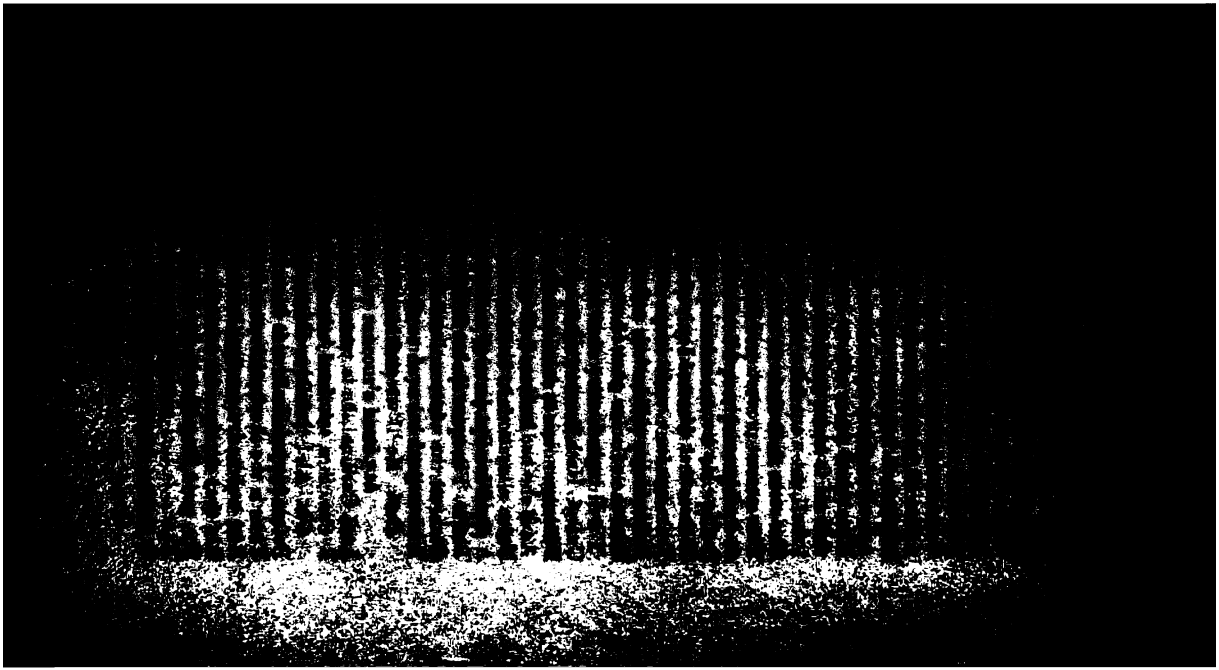
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,





And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate,
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest[1] liege to be mine enemy.—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah! thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,

[1] *Dearest.*

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here. [*Rising.*[1]

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groan,
Say—"Who 's a traitor? Gloster he is none." [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining chequer'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,

[1] Not in f. e.

But yet we want a colour for his death:
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life:
As yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.
York. 'T is York that hath most reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, lord Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Wer 't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
Suf. Madam, 't is true: and wer 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed?
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey 's prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead: for that is good deceit
Which mates[1] him first, that first intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due order for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner:

[1] *Destroys, confounds.*

I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills[1] not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient[2] stop.
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all.
Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why our authority is his consent,

[1] *Matters.* [2] *Expeditious.*

And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland march[1] a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[2]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,

[1] *Nourish.* [2] *Sudden gust of wind.*

To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco[1],
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, then next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, running over the Stage.[2]

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

[1] *Morris-dancer.* [2] *Murderers, hastily:* in f. e.

Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go; help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thine eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus.
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy,
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper! look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonons too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue, then[1], and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then, but curs'd th' ungentle[2] gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bade them blow towards England's blessed shore,

[1] Not in folios. [2] the gentle: in f. e.

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bade mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of the foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch[1] me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her, or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.

[1] watch: in folio.

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner Room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain[1]
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his Bed;* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign; view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And, seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

[1] drain: in f. e.

But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd,
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like, you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal*, Som., *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dares him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel, *within.*
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A noise*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their Weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; [*Speaking to those within.* the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[1] of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:

[1] *Company.*

And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit* SAL.

Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come; good Warwick, go with me,
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K.* HENRY, WARWICK, *Lords, &c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company.
There 's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[1]
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

[1] "They do affyrme that this herbe cometh of the seed of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge, it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did tye some dogge or other lyvinge beaste unto the roote thereof with a corde. and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meantyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In which cry it doth not only die itselfe, but the feaer thereof killeth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—*Bulleine's "Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness"*: folio, 1579; quoted by Reed.

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as sharp[1] as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone.—
O! go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

[1] smart: in f. e.

'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to[1] joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit* VAUX.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

[1] *no*: in f. e.

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O! let me stay, befal what may befal.
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'r thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bedchamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy king.
Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if 't God's good pleasure be.
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—*Car. dies.*[1]
He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip[2] dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And, thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK,] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

[1] *Not in f. e.* [2] *Embrace.*

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:
Can[1] lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?
1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die; [*To* SUF.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.
Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gaultier, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
Whit. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?[2]
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,

[1] The: in f. e. [2] This line, not in the folio, is from the old play of the "Contention."

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth.
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the foul-tongu'd slave?[1]

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.[2]

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole, Sir Poole, lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'st at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,

[1] the forlorn swain: in f. e. [2] These words and the following Poole, are from the "Contention."

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,[1]
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;
And to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Are crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[2]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Penè gelidus timor occupat artus:—it is thee I fear. [thee.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave
What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.—

[1] The device of Edward III., "the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."—*Camden.* [2] Bargulus, Illyrius latro.—*Ciceronis Officia, Lib.* III., *c.* ii.

Great men oft die by vile bezonians[1]:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUF., *with* WHIT., *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more; the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation: which is as much as to say,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

[1] *A term of contempt.*

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick, the butcher.

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number*[1].

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade[2] of herrings. [*Aside.*

Cade. — For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. —Command silence. [*Noise.*[3]

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

[1] *with infinite numbers:* in folio. [2] Latin, *cadus*, a cask. [3] Not in f. o.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] — Rise up sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*][1] Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass[2] not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staff. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but, I say, 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it, if you can.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Care.*

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye gone.

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no: and therefore we 'll have his head.

W. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors.— All you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and Forces.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.— Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license[1] to kill for a hundred years, lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak the truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*Putting on* STAFFORD'S *armour,*[2]] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horses' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a Supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *Head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, [*Aside.*[3]
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

[1] Butchers were only allowed to kill in Lent, by special license.
[2] [3] Not in f. e.

Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face [*Aside.*[1]
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam!
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth[2],
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Folio: Killingworth; the old pronunciation of the name.

And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge: the citizens Fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*To Lord* Say.] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and others, walking on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And hither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell: rebellion never thrives.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade, *and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

[1] Farewell, for I must hence again: in f. e.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let 's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens[1], and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

[1] A *tax* of one-fifteenth.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer: moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bonna terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof.—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help[1] of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I 'll be even with you. I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I 'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar

[1] Farmer reads: "pap of hatchet," a colloquial phrase of the time.

under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God shall be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some with Lord* SAY.
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills[1]?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. [*Jowl them together.*[2]] Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

[1] *Weapons*, resembling pikes. [2] Not in f. e.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee;
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye repent[1]?
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you,
Or let a rebel[2] lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade: we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.

[1] relent: *in f. e.* [2] rabble: *in f. e.*

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword, make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S *Followers, with Halters about their Necks.*

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertis'd,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant, and united[1] power
Of Gallowglasses,[2] and stout Irish[3] kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms[4] are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, then go and meet him,
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms?
Tell him, I 'll send duke Edmund to the tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

[1] a mighty: in f. e. [2] Tall, able-bodied men, armed (says Barnaby Rich's Ireland, 1610), with "a scull, a shirt of mail, and a Gallowglas axe"—the kerne was a common foot soldier. [3] This word is not in f. e. [4] Dyce reads: aims.

SCENE X.—Kent. IDEN's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself: that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet,[1] my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning[2],
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and

[1] This word also means a *helmet*. [2] f. e.: warning; the correction was made by Pope.

thy fine men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, squire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the Body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK *attended, with Drum and Colours; his Irish Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
[*Aside.*

O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *Head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, [*Rising.*[1]
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

[1] Not in f. e.

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[1]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
[*Exit an Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

[1] they: in folio. Theobald made the correction.

Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-looking[1] curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.
Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*
Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, having[2] suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

[1] fell-lurking: in f. e. [2] being: in f. e.

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or[1] dignity.
Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.
Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

[1] and : in folio.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, [fight'st.
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres.
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O! let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his Father's body.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares:
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the Body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then, Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting:* SOMERSET *is slain.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, flying.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present friends.[1]
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Old[2] Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all bruise[3] of time,
And, like a gallant in the bloom[4] of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,

[1] parts: in f. e.; altered by Steevens, to *party*. [2] Of: in f. e.
[3] brush: in f. e. [4] brow: in f. e.

Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

"The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-six pages, in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 147 to p. 172, inclusive, pages 165 and 166 being misprinted 167 and 168, so that these numbers are twice inserted. The error is corrected in the folio, 1632. The play is also contained in the folios of 1664 and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

None of the commentators ever saw the first edition of the drama upon which, we may presume, Shakespeare founded his third part of "Henry VI.:" it bears the following title:—"The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwal. 1595." 8vo. This play, like "the First Part of the Contention," was reprinted for the same bookseller in 1600, 4to. About the year 1619 a re-impression of both plays was published by T. P.; and the name of Shakespeare, as has been already observed in our Introduction to "Henry VI." part ii., first appears in connection with these "histories" in that edition.

Believing that Shakespeare was not the writer of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, nor of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, 1595, and that Malone established his position, that Shakespeare only enlarged and altered them, it becomes a question by whom they were produced. Chalmers, who possessed the only known copy of "The True Tragedy," 1595, without scruple assigned that piece to Christopher Marlowe. Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene.

In the Introduction to "Henry VI." part i., we alluded, as far as was there necessary, to the language of Greene, when speaking of Shakespeare in his "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592. This tract was not published until after the death of its author in Sept. 1592, when it appeared under the editorship of Henry Chettle[1]; and what follows is the whole that relates to our

[1] Chettle acknowledges the important share he had in the publication of "The Groatsworth of Wit," in his "Kind-heart's Dream," which was printed at the close of 1592, or in the beginning of 1593. See the excellent reprint of this very curious and interesting tract made for the Percy Society, under the editorial care of Mr. Rimbault. In his address to the "Gentlemen Readers," Chettle apologizes to Shakespeare (not by name) for having been instrumental in the publication of Greene's attack upon him.

great dramatist:—"Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country." (Dyce's Edit. of Greene's Works, I. lxxxi.) In this extract, although Greene talks of "an upstart crow beautified with *our* feathers," he seems to have referred principally to his own works, and to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of them. This opinion is somewhat confirmed by two lines in a tract called "Greene's Funerals," by R. B., 1594, where the writer is adverting to the obligations of other authors to Greene:—

> "Nay more, the men that so eclips'd his fame
> *Purloin'd his plumes*—can they deny the same?"

Here R. B. nearly adopts Greene's words, "*beautified with our feathers*," and applies to him individually what Greene, perhaps to avoid the charge of egotism and vanity, had stated more generally. It may be mentioned, also, as a confirmatory circumstance, that the words "tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a player's hide," in our extract from the "Groatsworth of Wit," are a repetition, with the omission of an interjection and the change of a word, of a line in "The True Tragedy," 1595,

> "O! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide."

Thus Greene, when charging Shakespeare with having appropriated his plays, parodies a line of his own, as if to show the particular productions to which he alluded[2].

Another fact tends to the same conclusion: it is a striking coincidence between a passage in "The True Tragedy" and some lines in one of Greene's acknowledged dramas, "Alphonsus, King of Arragon," printed, in 1599, by Thomas Creed, the same printer who, in 1594, had produced from his press an edition of "The First Part of the Contention." In "Alphonsus" the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and thus addresses the dying man:—

> "Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,
> And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
> How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
> Which he by treason set upon thy head:
> *And if he ask thee who did send thee down,*
> *Alphonsus say*, who now must wear thy crown."

In "The True Tragedy," 1595, Richard, while stabbing Henry VI. a second time, exclaims,

[2] There is a trifling fact connected with "Henry VI." part i, a notice of which ought not to be omitted, when considering the question of the authorship of some yet undiscovered original, upon which that play might be founded. In Act v. sc. 3, these two lines occur:—

> "She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won."

The last of these lines is inserted in Greene's "Planetomachia," printed as early as 1585. In "The First Part of the Contention" a pirate is mentioned, who is introduced into another of Greene's productions.

"If any spark of life remain in thee,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

Shakespeare, when altering "The True Tragedy" for his own theatre, (for, as originally composed, it had been played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing) adopted the line,

"O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide,"

without the change of a letter, and the couplet last quoted with only a very slight variation;

"If any spark of life *be yet remaining*,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

As in "Henry VI." part ii., Shakespeare availed himself of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, so in "Henry VI." part iii., he applied to his own purposes much of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595. He made, however, considerable omissions, as well as large additions, and in the last two Acts he sometimes varied materially from the conduct of the story as he found it in the older play. One improvement may be noticed, as it shows the extreme simplicity of our stage just before what we may consider Shakespeare's time; and it is to be ascertained by comparing two scenes of his "Henry VI." part iii., (Act iv. sc. 2 and 3) with a portion of "The True Tragedy." In the older play, Warwick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided by a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the stage, concert a plan for surprising Edward IV. in his tent on another part of the stage. Having resolved upon the enterprise, they merely cross the boards of Edward's encampment, the audience being required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent. Shakespeare showed his superior judgment by changing the place, and by interposing a dialogue between the Watchmen, who guard the King's tent. Robert Greene, in his "Pinner of Wakefield," (See "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. iii. p. 368.) relied on the imagination of his auditors, exactly in the same way as the author of "The True Tragedy."

It is to be observed of "Henry VI." part iii., as was remarked in the Introduction to the second part of the same play, that a line, necessary to the sense, was omitted in the folio, 1623, and has been introduced into our text from "The True Tragedy," 1595. It occurs in Act ii. sc. 6, and it was, probably, accidentally omitted by the copyist of the manuscript from which Shakespeare's "history," as it appears in the folio, was printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS XI., King of France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} on King Henry's side.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,
} his Sons.

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
} of the Duke of York's party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} Uncles to the Duke of York.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.

LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey. SIR WILLIAM STANLEY. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY. SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play in England.

THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously:[1]
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody Sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's blood. [*To* York, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of* Somerset's *Head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

[1] Dangerous: in f. e.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.
War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*They retire.*
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.[1]
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the Throne, who seats himself.*
[*Flourish. Enter King* HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red Roses in their Hats.*
K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford: you have vow'd revenge

[1] An allusion to the falcon.

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What! shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee duke of York.
York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom[1] was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

[1] The "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York," the old play on which this drama was founded, has *kingdom*.

March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.
York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*To* YORK,] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus. [fly.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say: my title 's weak.— [*Aside.*[1]
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign my[2] crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

[1] *Not in f. e.* [2] thy: in f. e.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever; [*To* YORK.
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the Throne.*
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I 'll to my castle.

War. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.
Enter Queen MARGARET *and the Prince of* WALES.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger;
I 'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me: I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed!
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let 's away:
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I 'll see your grace; till then, I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son; away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET, *and the Prince.*

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire[1] on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No; I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons, and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

[1] *Prey.*

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?
Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.

She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A March afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I 'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent up-lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—
Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.
[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*
Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ![1] [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

[1] *Ovid—Epist. Phyllis to Demophoon.*

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them,
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it out:"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short Alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*
Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict we with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* York, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[York *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught[1] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king!
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,

[1] *Reached.*

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal. [*Throwing it.*[1]
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York:
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair:
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[2] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 't is a fault too, too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay: let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Impale, encircle.*

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his
The hungry cannibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have stain'd the rose's hues[1] with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.

[1] *Would not have touch'd,* would not have stain'd with: i. e.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
[*Throwing it back to her.*
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—"Alas! it was a piteous deed."—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scaped;
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.

Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is prize[1] enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns!

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heavens figure some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;
You love the breeder better than the male.

[1] "True Tragedy": pride.

Enter a Messenger in haste.[1]

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O! speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite:
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest,
For never henceforth shall I joy again;
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,

[1] *in haste:* not in f. e. "*Enter one blowing*": is the direction in the "True Tragedy."

And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me are left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,[1]
March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;

[1] Some mod. eds. insert the line:
And very well appointed, as I thought,
from the "True Tragedy."

But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went:
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards,
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen.
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, poste-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,[1]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge! upon our foes;
But never once again turn back, and fly.
Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st[2], (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

[1] From the "True Tragedy." [2] The old play: faint'st. Malone and most eds.: fall'st.

Edw. Then strike up, drums!—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now: what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then, it sorts: brave warriors, let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Drums and Trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault;
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly[1] gave away."
Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft carriage[2] makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;

[1] *Foolishly.* [2] courage: in f. e.

And, in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign[1] your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, my good lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!"

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Albans last,

[1] The old play: Prepare; the modern meaning of the word in the text

Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words: therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic[1],
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel[2] should be call'd the sea)

[1] One marked with a *stigma*. [2] Formerly synonymous, says Malone, with *kennel*.

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw[1] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat[2] know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniedst the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or a welcome grave.[3]
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners win a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;

[1] Often applied to an abandoned woman. [2] A *low, abandoned woman.* [3] or else a grave: in f. e.

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running*.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death;
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the bellies of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above. [*Kneeling*.[1]
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine; [*Kneeling*.[2]
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings;
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—

[1] [2] Not in f, e.

Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.— [*Rising.*[1]
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wore at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Foreslow[2] no longer; make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself:
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*[3]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Delay.* [3] Two similar lines are found in the Second part of Henry VI., Act iv., Sc. ii.

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead Body.
Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man to me.—
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.
Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, bearing the Body.
Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this a foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the Body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en[1] for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the Body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

[1] sad: in *f. o.*; *changed* by Rowe, from "men," in the folio.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer-flies:[1]
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?

[1] This line was inserted by Theobald, from the "True Tragedy."

And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds.
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[CLIFFORD *groans.*[1]

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing:
See who it is.

Edw. And, now the battle 's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.
[CLIFFORD *dies.*

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:

[1] f. e. add: *and dies;* and omit the stage direction a few lines below.

Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Soldiers*[1] *bring the Body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[2] words.
Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
[*They pull him to and fro.*[3]
Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him, [blood
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;

[1] *Attendants:* in f. e. [2] *Sour, sharp.* [3] Not in f. e.

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, t' offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chace in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this lawn anon the deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man: let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised as a churchman,*[1] *with a Prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

[1] The words, *as a churchman:* not in f. e.

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee.
This is the *quondam* king: let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities[1];
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and aught else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret! thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou talkest of kings and queens? [*Coming forward.*[2]

[1] adversaries: in folio. Pope changed the word. [2] Not in f. e.

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.
2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content:
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown, content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of England?
2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather, were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
1 Keep. No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings; command, and I 'll obey.
1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead: your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, *in state, crowned,*[1] GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea; is it so? [*Aside.*
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind! [*Aside.*
Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you,
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow. [*Aside.*
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*
Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantages. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*
Glo. Nay then, whip me; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*

[1] The words, *in state, crowned:* not in f. e.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you 'll be rul'd by him.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father' lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow' wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand back.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*
Clar. As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt.
[*Aside.*
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task: 't is but to love a king.
L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. But stay thee; 't is the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why then, you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness[1] of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
[*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty; [*Aside.*
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king.
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:

[1] *Seriousness.*

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that, is to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had. [GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *come forward.*[1]

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself?

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* GREY, CLARENCE, *and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

[1] Not in f. e.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
The lustful Edward's title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;

And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon take another Troy.
I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And send the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I 'd pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his State. Then, enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and the Earl of* OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland all forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What 's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. The earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*He descends.* *Queen* MARGARET *rises.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindness, and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*To* BONA.] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee[1] danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then, Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

[1] thy: in f. e.

And after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They stand apart.*
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then farther, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,

That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—
Yet I confess, [*To* WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick!
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings,
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,[1] and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you.

[1] *Artifice.*

Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*They all read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen? [joys.
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's past; go, fear[1] thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou
And Oxford, with five thousand warlike[2] men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

[1] *Frighten.* [2] This word is not in f. e.

[illegible] I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
[illegible] she is fair and virtuous.
[illegible] give thy hand to Warwick;
[illegible] irrevocable.
[illegible] Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
[illegible] I accept her, for she well deserves it;
[illegible] I give my hand.
He gives his hand to WARWICK.
[illegible] These soldiers shall [illegible]
[illegible] admiral.
[illegible] fleet.—
[illegible] mischance.
[illegible] marriage with a dame of France.
[illegible] *but* WARWICK.
[illegible] from Edward as ambassador,
[illegible] and mortal foe:
[illegible] marriage was the charge he gave me,
[illegible] answer his demand.
[illegible] me?
[illegible] sorrow.
[illegible] the crown,
[illegible] again:
[illegible]
[illegible] Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

[illegible]—London. A Room in the Palace.

[illegible] CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE.

[illegible] me, brother Clarence, what think you
[illegible] marriage with the lady Grey?
[illegible] made a worthy choice?
[illegible] from hence to France:
[illegible] Warwick made return?
[illegible] talk: here comes the king.
[illegible] *attended: Lady* GREY,
[illegible] *and* HASTINGS.
[illegible]

[illegible]

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you[1] shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I.
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth,
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer, when 't is back'd with France.
Hast. 'T is better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves

[1] Added by Rowe.

To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:—
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:—
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger. [*Aside.*[1]

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

[1] Not in f. e.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glo. Not I. [*Aside.*
My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K Edw. Why so; then, am I sure of victory.
Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD *with French and English*[1] *Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.
But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,

[1] *other:* in f. e.

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry,* HENRY!
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'T is the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—WARWICK! WARWICK! *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying*—*Arm! Arm!* WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*[1] *Shouts and confusion.*

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gown, sitting in a Chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here 's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e.

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay then, I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his Crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King* EDWARD, *led out forcibly;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I farther have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then; away! let 's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young Henry of* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.[1]

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

[1] Malone reads: be confiscate.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers [*Lays his Hand on his Head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, *Lieutenant, and Attendants.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours:

Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and foreign*[1] *Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?
Glo. The gates made fast.—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them. [*Knocks.*[2]

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates: we are king Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt from above.*
Glo. A wise stout captain he[1], and soon persuaded.
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.
Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.
K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his Keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.
March. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and Forces.*
Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, sir John; but why come you in arms?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A March begun.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we 'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

[1] This word is not in f. e.

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen.[1] Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*Kissing Henry's hand*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR. CLAR. OXF. *and* MONT.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my mind[2] hath got me
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands, [fame.
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

[1] Some mod. eds. have needlessly transferred this speech to OXFORD. [2] meed: in f. e.

My mercy dry'd their bitter-flowing[1] tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

[1] water-flowing: in f. e.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.
March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*
K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain—the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;
What is the body, when the head is off?
Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![1]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,

[1] *Pack of cards.*

And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."
Enter OXFORD, *with Drum and Colours.*
War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[OXFORD *and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O! welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.
Enter MONTAGUE, *with Drum and Colours.*
Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.
Enter SOMERSET, *with Drum and Colours.*
Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.
Enter CLARENCE, *with Drum and Colours.*
War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

More than the nature of a brother's love.—
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper*.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? [*Taking the red Rose out of his Hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug,[1] that fear'd[2] us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.

[1] *Bugbear.* [2] *Made us afraid.*

Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
"Oh, farewell Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *Body.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewkesbury.

March. *Enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were this.
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,

'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms
I speak not this, as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle: hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.
Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.
K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak. [*K.* EDWARD *sits.*[1]
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

[1] Not in f. e.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace! wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[GLO. *stabs him.*
Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury.
[CLAR. *stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to sequel[1] it:
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;

[1] equal: in f. e.

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.[1]

King HENRY *is discovered reading*[2]. *Enter* GLOSTER *and the Lieutenant.*

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:
'T is sin to flatter; good was little better:

[1] The scene in the folio, is "on the walls of the Tower"; that of the text from the "True Tragedy." [2] In f. e. the rest of this stage direction is: *the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peevish[1] fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

[1] *Silly.*

The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;[1]
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:
The raven rook'd[2] her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

Glo. I 'll hear no more.—Die, prophet, in thy speech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us! he is born with teeth:"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

[1] aboding luckless time: in f. e. [2] *Roost.*

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry in thy day of doom.

[*Exit with the Body.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his Throne.*[1] *Queen* ELIZABETH; *a Nurse with the Infant Prince,* CLARENCE, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne.
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and redoubted[2] champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—

Enter GLOSTER *behind.*[3]

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid; [*Aside.*
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;

[1] The rest of this stage direction is thus given in f. e.: "*Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS," &c. [2] undoubted: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e.

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. [*Kissing it.*[1]

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st, [*Kissing the infant.*[2]
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy;
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

KING RICHARD III.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602." 4to. 46 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, by William Shake-speare. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate, 1605." 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of the Earle of Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field," occupies thirty-two pages; viz. from p. 173 to p. 204 inclusive. There is no material variation in the later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

THE popularity of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" must have been great, judging only from the various quarto editions which preceded the publication of it in the folio of 1623. It originally came out in 1597, without the name of the author: it was reprinted in 1598, with "by William Shake-speare" on the title-page, and again in 1602[1], all three impressions having been made for the same bookseller, Andrew Wise. On the 27th June, 1603, it was assigned to Mathew Lawe, as appears by an entry in the Stationers' Registers; accordingly, he published the fourth edition of it with the date of 1605: the fifth edition was printed for the same bookseller in 1613[2]. This seems to have been the last time it came out in quarto, anterior to its appearance in the first folio[3]; but after that date, three other quarto impressions are known, viz. in 1624, 1629, and 1634, and it is remarkable that these were all mere reprints of the earlier quartos, not one of them including any of the passages which the player-editors of the folio first inserted in their volume. This fact might show that the publishers of the later quartos did not know that there were any material variations between the earlier quartos and the folio, that they did not think them of importance, or that the projectors of the folio were considered to have some species of copyright in the additions. These additions, extending in one instance to more than fifty lines, are pointed out in our notes. It will also be found that more than one speech in

[1] By the title-pages of the four earliest editions on the opposite leaf, it will be seen, that it was professed by Andrew Wise, that the play in 1602, had been "newly augmented," although it was in fact only a reprint of the previous impressions of 1597 and 1598, for the same bookseller. It is possible that the augmentations observable in the folio of 1623 were made shortly before 1602, and that Wise wished it to be thought, that his edition of that year contained them. The quarto reprints, subsequent to that of 1602, all purport to have been "newly augmented."

[2] Malone gives the date 1612, and in his copy at Oxford the last figure is blurred. The title-page in no respect differs from that of 1605, excepting that the play is said to have been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants." They were not so called, until after May, 1603.

[3] An impression in 1622 is mentioned in some lists, but the existence of a copy of that date is doubtful.

the folio is unintelligible without aid from the quartos; and for some other characteristic omissions, particularly for one in Act iv. sc. 2, it is not possible to account.

With respect to the additions in the folio of 1623, we have no means of ascertaining whether they formed part of the original play. Stevens was of opinion that the quarto, 1597, contained a better text than the folio: such is not our opinion; for though the quarto sets right several doubtful matters, it is not well printed, even for a production of that day, and bears marks of having been brought out in haste, and from an imperfect manuscript. The copy of the "history" in the folio of 1623 was in some places a reprint of the quarto, 1602, as several obvious errors of the press are repeated, *right* for "fight," *helps* for "helms," &c. For the additions, a manuscript was no doubt employed; and the variations in some scenes, particularly near the middle of the play, are so numerous, and the corrections so frequent, that it is probable a transcript belonging to the theatre was there consulted. Our text is that of the folio, with due notice of all the chief variations.

The earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," is in these terms:—

"20 Oct. 1597

Andrew Wise] The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence."

This memorandum, probably, immediately preceded the publication of the quarto, 1597. The only other entry relating to "Richard the Third" we have already mentioned, and the exact words of it may be seen in a note to our Introduction to "Richard the Second."

It is certain that there was a historical drama upon some of the events of the reign of Richard III. anterior to that of Shakespeare. T. Warton quoted Sir John Harington's "Apologie for Poetry," prefixed to his translation of Ariosto in 1591, respecting a tragedy of "Richard the Third," acted at St. John's, Cambridge, which would "have moved Phalaris, the tyrant, and terrified all tyrannous-minded men;" and Steevens adduced Heywood's "Apology for Actors[4]," 1612, to the same effect, without apparently being aware that Heywood was professedly only repeating the words of Harington. Both those authors, however, referred to a Latin drama on the story of Richard III., written by Dr. Legge, and acted at Cambridge before 1583. Steevens followed up his quotation from Heywood by the copy of an entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated June 19, 1594, relating to an English play on the same subject. When Steevens wrote, and for many years afterwards, it was not known that such a drama had ever been printed; but in 1821 Boswell reprinted a large fragment of it (with many errors) from a copy want-

[4] Stevens calls it "The Actors' Vindication," as indeed it was entitled when it was republished (with alterations and insertions) by Cartwright the Comedian, without date, but during the Civil Wars. *See the reprint* of this tract by the Shakespeare Society, the text being *taken from the first* impression.

ing the commencement. A perfect copy of this very rare play is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it we transcribe the following title-page:—

"The true Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594."

This title-page so nearly corresponds with the entry in the Stationers' Registers[8], as to leave no doubt that the latter referred to the former. The piece itself, as a literary composition, deserves little remark, but as a drama it possesses several peculiar features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press. It opens with a singular dialogue between Truth and Poetry:—

"*Poetrie.* Truth, well met.
"*Truth.* Thankes, Poetrie: what makes thou upon a stage?
"*Poet.* Shadowes.
"*Truth.* Then, will I adde bodies to the shadowes.
Therefore depart, and give Truth leave
To shew her pageant.
"*Poet.* Why, will Truth be a Player?
"*Truth.* No; but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will revive the hearts of drooping mindes.
"*Poet.* Whereof?
"*Truth.* Marry, thus."

Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument of the play; but before the Induction begins, the ghost of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the stage, delivering two lines as he went, which we give precisely as in the original copy now before us:—

"*Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,*
Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta!"

The drama itself afterwards opens with a scene representing the death of Edward IV., and the whole story is thenceforward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, with a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, by characters imperfectly drawn and ill sustained. Shore's wife plays a conspicuous part; and the tragedy does not finish with the battle of Bosworth Field, but is carried on subsequently, although the plot is clearly at an end. The conclusion is quite as remarkable as the commencement. After the death

[8] It is as follows, being rather unusually particular:—
Tho. Creede] An Enterlude entitled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showen the Death of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the twoo Princes in the Tower, with a lamentable End of Shores wife, and the conjunction of the twoo Houses of Lancaster and York.

of Richard, Report (a personification like some of those in the old Moralities) enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audience of certain matters not exhibited; and after a long scene between Richmond, the Queen mother, Princess Elizabeth, &c., two Messengers enter, and, mixing with the personages of the play, detail the succession of events and of monarchs from the death of Richard until the accession of Elizabeth. The Queen mother then comes forward, and pronounces an elaborate panegyric upon Elizabeth, ending with these lines:—

"For which, if ere her life be taen away,
God grant her soule may live in heaven for aye;
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend."

As in this sort of epilogue no allusion is made to the Spanish Armada, though other public events of less prominence are touched upon, we may perhaps infer that the drama was written before the year 1588.

The style in which it is composed also deserves observation: it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse, (such as was penned before Marlowe had introduced his improvements, and Shakespeare had adopted and advanced them) partly in ten-syllable rhyming couplets, and stanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre, which seems to have been popular even before prose was employed upon our stage. In every point of view it may be asserted, that few more curious dramatic relics exist in our language. It is perhaps the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre, of which the subject was derived from English history.

Boswell asserts that "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" had "evidently been used and read by Shakespeare," but we cannot trace any resemblances, but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial. Two persons could hardly take up the same period of our annals, as the ground-work of a drama, without some coincidences; but there is no point, either in the conduct of the plot or in the language in which it is clothed, where our great dramatist does not show his measureless superiority. The portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose.

It is not to be concluded, because the title-page of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" expresses that it was acted "by the Queen's Majesty's Players," that it was the association to which Shakespeare belonged, and which became "the King's Players" after James I. ascended the throne. In 1583, the Queen selected a company from the theatrical servants of several of her nobility; (Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. i. 254;) and in 1590 there were two companies, called "her Majesty's Players," one *under* the management of Laneham, and the other of Lau-

rence Dutton[6]. By one of these companies "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" must have been performed. Until the death of Elizabeth, the association to which Shakespeare was attached was usually called "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants."

In the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 121, it is shown that Henslowe's company, subsequent to 1599, was either in possession of a play upon the story of Richard III., or that some of the poets he employed were engaged upon such a drama. From the sketch of five scenes, there inserted, we may judge that it was a distinct performance from "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third." By an entry in Henslowe's Diary, dated 22d June, 1602, we learn that Ben Jonson received 10*l.* in earnest of a play called "Richard Crookback," and for certain additions he was to make to Kyd's Spanish Tragedy. Considering the success of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," and the active contention, at certain periods, between the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and that under the management of Henslowe, it may be looked upon as singular, that the latter should have been without a drama on that portion of English history until after 1599; and it is certainly not less singular, that as late as 1602 Ben Jonson should have been occupied in writing a new play upon the subject. Possibly, about that date Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" had been revived with the additions; and hence the employment of Jonson on a rival drama, and the publication of the third edition of Shakespeare's tragedy after an interval of four years.

Malone was of opinion that Shakespeare wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593, but did not adduce a particle of evidence, and none in fact exists. We should be disposed to place it somewhat nearer the time of publication.

[6] This new fact in the history of our early drama and theatres, we owe to Mr. Peter Cunningham, who establishes it beyond contradiction, in his interesting and important volume of "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," printed for the Shakespeare Society. Introd. p. xxxii.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales; } Sons to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of York; }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence; } Brothers to the
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster; } King.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond.
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK: EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen: MARQUESS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.
EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun[1] of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed[2] steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.[3]
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd thus of[4] fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,

[1] The cognizance of Edward IV., consisted of three suns. [2] *Caparisoned.* [3] love: in quartos. [4] curtail'd of this: in f. e.

Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see[1] my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers
O! belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower:
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she,

[1] spy: in quarto.

That tempts him to this harsh[1] extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her same[2] brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?[3]
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me:
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.
Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Glo. Nought to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?
Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

[1] tempers him to this extremity: in quartos. [2] Not in f. e. [3] So the quartos; folio: Hastings was for her.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.[1]
Mean time, have patience. [*Embracing him.*[2]

Clar. I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence.—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain.
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagles should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey[3] at liberty

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home:—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul[4], that news is bad indeed.
O! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?[5]

[1] Lie in prison in your stead. [2] Not in f. e. [3] play: in folio.
[4] John: in folio. [5] quartos: What! is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthaste[1] up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in,
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter the Corpse of King HENRY *the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen, bearing Halberds, to guard it; and Lady* ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,[2]
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these[3] holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!

[1] posthorse: in f. e. [2] lord: in quarto. [3] fatal: in quartos.

Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence![1]
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness![2]
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More[3] miserable by the death of him,
Than[4] I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the Corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the Coffin.*

Anne. What! do you tremble! are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—

[1] [2] *These lines* are not in the quartos. [3] [4] as: in quartos.

O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful! when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them, not?

Anne. Then say they were not slain.[1]
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw

[1] *Why, then, they are not dead*: in quartos.

Thy murderous[1] falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter[2] for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something[3] into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live[4] one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not[5] endure that[6] beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

[1] *bloody*: in quartos. [2] better: in folio. [3] somewhat: in quartos. [4] *rest: in quartos.* [5] never: in quartos. [6] sweet: in quartos.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd[1] my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York, and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.[2]
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

[1] slew; in quartos. [2] This and the eleven preceding lines, are not in the quartos.

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing[1] word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,[2]
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his Breast open: she offers at it with his Sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry:[3]—
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabbed[4] young Edward;—
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the Sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
[*Taking up the Sword.*[5]

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then, never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope? [*Sheathing his Sword.*[6]

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the Ring.*

[1] soothing: in quartos. [2] bosom: in quartos. [3] 't was I that kill'd your husband: in quartos. [4] kill'd: in quartos. [5] [6] Not in f. e.

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant[1] may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand.
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most[2] cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place.
Where (after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears)
I will with all expedient[3] duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve,
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.
Gent.[4] Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my[5] hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends[6] to back my suit withal[7],
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

[1] servant: in f. e. [2] more: in quartos. [3] *Expeditious.* [4] The quartos insert: "*Glos.* Take up the corse, sirs." [5] her: in quartos. [6] nothing: in quartos. [7] at all: in quartos.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase[1] her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I 'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there 's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.[2]

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

[1] debase: in quartos. [2] eyes: in folio.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY[1].

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What[2] likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence. [be:

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that will never
I fear, our happiness is at the height.[3]

Enter GLOSTER, *stamping angrily*,[4] *with* HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,

[1] DERBY: in old copies. [2] With: in quartos. [3] highest: in quartos. [4] The words "*stamping angrily*": not in f. e.

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd[1] complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground[2] of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make[3] prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends.
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many great[4] promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean[5]

[1] *Wicked.* [2] The rest of the line is not in the folio. [3] The quartos of 1602, and later: may. [4] fair: in quarto. [5] cause: in quarto.

Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country serving-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:[1]
Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him! [*Aside.*[2]
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said,[3]
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.[4]
'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well: [*Aside.*[5]
Thou kill'dst[6] my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine. [*Aside.*[7]
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

[1] So all the quartos; folio: so baited, scorn'd and stormed at.
[2] Not in f. e. [3] This line is only in the quartos. [4] This line is only in the folio. [5] Not in f. e. [6] slewest: in f. e. [7] Not in f. e.

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this[1], and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art. [*Aside.*[2]

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge! [*Aside.*[3]

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world, [*Aside.*[4]
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign[5] king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof; [*Aside.*[6]
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.—
[*Coming forward. They all start.*[7]
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away. [sight?

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

[1] now: in quartos. [2] [3] [4] Not in f. e. [5] lawful: in quartos. [6] Not in f. e. [7] *Advancing:* in f. e.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O! 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that ere was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death;[1]
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

[1] loss in quartos.

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The stain[1] of nature, and the scorn[2] of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O! let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'T is done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune;
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottle[3] spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

[1] slave: in f. e. [2] son: in f. e. [3] bottled: in f. e.

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you; you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade,—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyry buildeth in our eyry's nest.—
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham! I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now, fair befal thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think[1] but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog:
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to[2] the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine. I muse[3], why she 's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her: by God s holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repen
My part thereof, that I have done to her.[4]
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:
He is frank'd[5] up to fatting for his pains:—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd; [*Aside.*
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

[1] I 'll not believe: in quartos. [2] rackle thee to death: in quarto, 1597. [3] I wonder she 's · in quartos. [4] to her: not in quarto. [5] *Styed.*

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing[1]?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the Warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate:
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones[2], when fools' eyes fall[3] tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business[4] straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

[1] deed: in quartos. [2] A common proverb. [3] drop: in quartos. [4] Here the scene ends, in the quartos.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,[1]
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling[2],
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly[3] death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:[4]
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive

[1] ugly sights, of ghastly dreams: in quartos. [2] stumbling: in quartos. [3] What ugly sights of death: in quartos. [4] This line is not in the quartos.

To yield the ghost;[1] but still the envious flood
Stopt[2] in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find[3] the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in[4] this sore agony?

Clar. No, no: my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O! then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour[5] ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried[6] aloud,—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies! take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my[7] dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you:
I am afraid, methinks[8], to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things
That now give[9] evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children![10]
Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

[*Sitting down.*[11]

[1] The line from "had," not in the quartos. [2] Kept: in quartos. [3] seek: in first quartos. [4] with: in quartos. [5] grim: in quartos. [6] spake: in folio. [7] the: in quartos. [8] I promise you I am afraid: in quartos. [9] bear: in quartos. [10] This and the three preceding lines, are not in the quartos. [11] Not in f. e.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.— [CLARENCE *sleeps*.[1]
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who 's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence; and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious.—
Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*A Paper delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning:
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I 'll to the king, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 't is a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he 'll say, 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he 'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.[2]

[1] CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair:* in f. e. [2] This and the next line, not in the quartos.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate[1] humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where 's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* O! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'T is no matter; let it go: there 's few or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing[2], it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 't is a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

[1] passionate: in f. e. [2] "it is a dangerous thing," is not in the folio.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.
1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.
2 *Murd.* Strike.
1 *Murd.* No; we 'll reason with him.
Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.
1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak.
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?[1]
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, Ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption[2]
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.
2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,

[1] This line is not in the quartos. [2] for any goodness: in folio.

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O! know you yet, he doth it publicly.[1]
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty,[2] and thy faults,
Provoke[3] us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd: your brother Gloster hates you.
Clar. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

[1] This line is only in the folio. [2] the devil: in quartos. [3] Have brought: in quartos.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,[1]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God by murdering me?—
O! sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg
Were you in my distress, so pity me.[2]

1 *Murd.* Relent? no: 't is cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit with the Body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

[1] This line is not in the folio. [2] The words "so pity me," are not in f e. This and the four previous lines, are not in the quartos.

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.[1]

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, *led in sick, Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more at peace[2] my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme king of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

[1] The folio has: Of this most grievous murder. [2] now in: in quartos.

Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings:—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love.
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love[1] to you, or yours.
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed[2] period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen.
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—

[1] zeal: in quartos. [2] perfect: in quartos.

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'T is death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility. [*Aside.*[1]

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man,[2] by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] soul: in quartos.

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

[*Kneels.*[1]

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou requestest.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue[2] give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg[3] for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold

[1] Not in f. e. [2] the same: in quartos. [3] plead: in quartos.

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, prithee[1] help me to my closet.
Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen,* HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London.

Enter the Duchess of YORK, *with a Son and Daughter of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so[2]? and oft beat your breast;
And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"
Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both[3],
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death.
It were lost sorrow to wail[4] one that 's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

[1] This word is not in f. e. [2] wring your hands: in quartos [3] much: in quartos. [4] lost labour to weep for: in quartos.

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.
Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice![1]
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this!
Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS *and* DORSET, *following her.*
Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impertinence?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?[2]
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?[3]
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing light[4].
Duch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O! what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?
Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;

[1] guile: in quartos. [2] now the root is wither'd: in quartos. [3] the sap being gone: in quartos. [4] night: in f. e.

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints'.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.
Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he 's gone.
Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he 's gone.
Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs[2]:
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—[3]
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things, 't is call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.[4]
Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliffe, *and others.*
Glo. Sister[5], have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;

[1] laments: in quartos. [2] moans: in quartos. [3] This line is not in the folio. [4] This and the eleven preceding lines, are only in the folio. [5] Madam: in quartos.

But none can help our harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing. [*Kneels.*[1]

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates[2],
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us:
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.[3]

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] hearts: in quartos. [3] This and the seventeen preceding lines, are only in the folio.

Madam,—and you my sister,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?
[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For by the way I 'll sort[1] occasion,
As index[2] to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy[3] world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
With,[4] in his nonage, council under him;
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel: then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

[1] *Select.* [2] *Introduction.* [3] troublous: in quarto. [4] That, which: in f. e.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Pursuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I: I 'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, *the young Duke of* YORK, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no: they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news with you?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet[1]
Upon the innocent and awless[2] throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
Too often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O! preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go, [*To the Queen.*
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go; I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* BOURCHIER, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[3]

[1] *Encroach.* [2] lawless: in quartos. [3] *Camera Regis*, a title of London.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.
Buck. You are too strict and abstinent[1], my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the goodness[2] of his[3] age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings; will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.— [*Exeunt Cardinal and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. It is upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

[1] in f. e.: senseless-obstinate. [2] grossness: in f. e. [3] this: in f. e.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say without characters fame lives long. Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity[1], [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord!

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly[2] have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

Enter York, Hastings, *and the Cardinal.*

Buck. Now, in good time here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread[3] lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord!

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power o'er me as a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

[1] A character in all the old English Moralities. [2] *Usually.* [3] dear: in quarto, 1602, and folio.

Glo. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O! that 's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O! then, I see, you 'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk.—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharply pointed[1] wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will 't please your grace to pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What? will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*A sennet. Exeunt Prince*, YORK, HASTINGS, *Cardinal, and Attendants.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O! 't is a perilous boy;

[1] sharp provided: in f. e.

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.[1]
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided[2] councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go: effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

[1] This and the previous line, are not in the quartos. [2] *Private.*

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.
Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.[1]
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord!— [*Knocking at the door.*
Hast. [*Within.*]—Who knocks?
Mess. One from the lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears[2] by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.
Bid him not fear the separated council:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance:
And for his dreams—I wonder he 's so simple[3]
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,

[1] willingness: in quartos. [2] So it should seem: in quartos. [3] fond: in quarto.

And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I 'll go, my lord, and[1] tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How? wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life[2]; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:[3]
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.
Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear

[1] My gracious lord, I 'll: in quartos. [2] Upon my life, my lord: in quartos. [3] mine enemies: in quartos.

To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.
Enter STANLEY.
Come on, come on;[1] where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby.—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;[2]
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as[3] 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They for their truth might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let 's away.
Enter a Pursuivant.
Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)
This day those enemies are put to death,

[1] What, my lord; in quartos. [2] you do yours: in quartos. [3] more precious to me than: in quartos.

And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good content

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[*Throwing his Purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I 'm in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I 'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
[*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a Guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch! the limit of your lives is out.[1]

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat[2],

[1] This and the previous line, are not in the quartos. [2] soul: in quartos.

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and me[1],
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate[2].
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for the royal time?
Stan. They are; and want but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge[3] a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward[4] with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable[5] lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

[1] I: in f. e. [2] is now expir'd: in folio. [3] guess: in quartos. [4] *Intimate.* [5] noble: in quartos.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Taking him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I 'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there 's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood[1] he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

[1] likelihood: in quartos.

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil.—
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdained to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come; despatch, the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men.
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, despatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.[1]
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM. *in rusty*[2] *armour, marvellous ill-favoured, and in haste.*[3]

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut![4] I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,[5]
Intending[6] deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor,—
Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—
Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *Head, on a Spear.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

[1] This and the three previous lines, not in f. e. [2] *rotten*: in folio. [3] The words "*and in haste*," are not in f. e. [4] Tut! fear not me: in quartos. [5] This line is not in the quartos. [6] *Pretending.*

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore;
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end[1],
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's words shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens

[1] death: in quartos.

With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Lord Mayor.*
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging[1] eye, or savage heart,
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw;—
Go thou [*To* CAT.] to friar Penker:—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.[2]
[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.

[1] lustful: in f. e. [2] This and the two previous lines, are not in the quartos.

Now will I go, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a Scrivener[1], *with a writing.*

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold[2], but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen or[3] thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *at one Door, and* BUCKINGHAM *at another.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say[4] not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:[5]
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives:
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And dis-resemblance[6], being not like the duke.[7]
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] blind: in quartos. [3] in: in f. e. [4] spake not: in quartos. [5] This and the previous line, and also the next but one after, are not in the quartos. [6] his resemblance: in f. e. [7] This line is not in the quartos.

Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse:
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,
Star'd[1] each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again:—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—[2]
"Thanks, gentle[3] citizens, and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause, and cheerful[4] shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

[*Knocking heard.*[5]

[1] Gaz'd: in quartos. [2] This line is not in the quartos. [3 4] loving: in quartos. [5] Not in f. e.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:
Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,[1]
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,[2]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace[3] the sovereignty thereof;
But sore[4] I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him:
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return, and tell his grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

[1] citizens: in quartos. [2] day-bed: in quartos. [3] himself: in quartos. [4] sure: in f. e.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *with a book*,[1] *in a Gallery above, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornament to know a holy man.—[2]
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,[3]
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf

[1] The words, "*with a book*," are not in f. e. [2] This and the previous line, are not in the quartos. [3] This line is not in the quartos.

Of dark[1] forgetfulness, and deep[2] oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think.
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded,
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.[3]
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the[4] ripe revenue and due of [5] birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,

[1] blind: in quartos. [2] dark: in quartos. [3] This and the nine preceding lines, are not in the quartos. [4] my: in quartos. [5] by: in quartos.

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to lady Lucy;
Your mother lives a witness to his vow:
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase[1] of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree[2]
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.[3]
Cate. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.
Glo. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:[4]
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

[1] *Booty.* [2] all his thoughts: in quartos. [3] This line is not in the quartos. [4] dignity: in quartos.

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house,
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—
Zounds.[1] citizens! we will entreat no more.

Glo. O! do not swear, my cousin Buckingham.[2]

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.[3]

Cate. Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call him again: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.[4]

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know,[5] and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work[6] again.

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, my cousin:—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Come: in f. e. [2] This line is only found in the quartos, (it there reads, "my lord of Buckingham,") and is not given in mod. eds. [3] f. e. add: *and Citizens.* [4] f. e. add: *and the rest.* [5] he knows: in quartos. [6] task: in quartos.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, *Duchess of* YORK, *and Marquess of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, *Duchess of* GLOSTER, *leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young Daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,
In pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we 'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?[1]

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,[2]
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect me from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then, bring me to their sights;[3] I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:[4]
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

[1] How fares the prince: in quartos. [2] Well, madam, and in health, but by your leave: in quartos. [3] Then, fear not thou: in quartos. [4] I do beseech your graces all, to pardon me: in quartos.

And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the Duchess of* GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah! cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news![1]
Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to her children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours[2]:
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:[3]
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O, my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!
Stan. Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O! would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. [now,
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

[1] Not in quartos. [2] time: in quartos. [3] The quartos, for this line, read: To meet you on the way, and welcome you.

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear[1] saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;
O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee[2],
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time[3] my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend[4] thee!— [*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To Queen* ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen[5].

Q Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[1] dead: in quartos. [2] death: in quartos. [3] Even in so short a space: in quartos. [4] guard: in quartos. [5] *Sorrow.*

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Sound a Sennet. RICHARD, *crowned upon his Throne;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, [*Trumpets sound.*[1]
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories[2] for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.—
Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently[3]. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Cate. The king is angry: see, he gnaws[4] his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [*Descends from his Throne.*
And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] honours: in quartos. [3] *Immediately.* [4] bites: in quartos.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!—
Page. My lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Will[1] tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.
[*Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—
Enter STANLEY.
How now, lord Stanley? what's the news with you?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor[2] gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck out sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—
Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.
Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

[1] Would: in quartos. [2] mean-born: in quartos.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them. [*Kneeling.*[1]
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.
[TYRREL *rises, and* RICHARD *whispers.*[2]
There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.[3]
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*
Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.
Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well look unto it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith are pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?[4]
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophecy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—
Buck. My lord—[5]
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

[1] Not in f. e. [2] f. e. have only "*Whispers.*" [3] thee, too: in quartos. [4] demand: in quartos. [5] The lines from this to "the giving vein to-day," are not in the quartos.

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay; what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,[1] thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why then resolve me whether you will or no.[2]
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.
Exeunt King RICHARD *angrily,*[3] *and his Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Same

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, blooded[4] dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two[5] children in their death's sad story.
"O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;

[1] The *figure* that struck the hours in the old clocks. [2] May it please you to resolve me in my suit: in folio. [3] This word is not in f. e. [4] bloody: in f. e. [5] to: in f. e.

Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O! the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—"we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone: with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth,[1] I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richard aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on[2] the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY, *in haste.*

Cate. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

[1] But how, or in what place: in quartos. [2] o'er: in quartos.

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.[1]
Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then, fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.—
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield:
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now, prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.[2]
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[*She stands back.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night. [*Aside.*[3]

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet! why; art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet; [*Aside.*[4]
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.[5]

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. [*Aside.*

[1] army: in quartos. [2] adversaries: in quartos. [3] [4] Not in f. e.
[5] This and the four preceding lines, are not in the quartos.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,[1]
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
[*Coming forward.*
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down by them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—[2]
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth[3]
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[4] with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

[1] [2] These lines are not in the quartos. [3] This line is not in the quartos. [4] *Compasion.*

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic[1] play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence[2].—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, the dog is dead.

Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottle spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons?[3] wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

[1] tragic: in quartos. [2] away: in quartos. [3] Where are thy children: in quartos.

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd[1] about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O! thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer[2] than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Queen* MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate[3] joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do[4] impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A Trumpet heard.*
The trumpet sounds;[5] be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O! she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where 't should be branded, if that right were right,

[1] wheel'd: in quartos. [2] sweeter: in folio. [3] intestine: in folio. [4] will: in folio. [5] I hear his drum: in quartos

For slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence.
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently bear[1] my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O! let me speak.
K. Rich. Do then, but I'll not hear.[2]
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I once[3] stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony[4].
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well;
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thine infancy:
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,

[1] hear: in f. e. [2] This and the preceding speech, are not in the quartos. [3] have: in f. e. [4] in anguish, pain and agony: in quartos.

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum!
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon[1] thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which in the day of battle tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st.
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must talk a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter[2]; for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.[3]
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

[1] more behold: in folio. [2] murder: in quartos. [3] of royal blood: in quartos.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.[1]
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd that can do me good?
K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children gentle[2] lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of honour[3].
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

[1] This and the preceding speech, are only in the folios. [2] mighty: in quartos. [3] fortune: in folio.

K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So, from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What! thou?
K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
Edward and York; then, haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;[1]
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended,

[1] a story of thy noble acts: in quartos.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen:
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Treads[1] discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

[1] leads: in f. e.

To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?[1]
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthen it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.
K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell[2] my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O! no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown.—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost its lordly[3] honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

[1] The preceding fifty-five lines are only in the folio. [2] Then, in *plain terms, tell her*: in quartos. [3] holy: in quartos.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—[1]
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with him,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?[2]
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past:
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt[3]
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure[4] heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;

[1] So the quartos; the folio: he swears first by himself, next by the world, and then by his father's death. [2] This line is not in the quartos. [3] affairs: in folio. [4] dear: in folio.

Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity of state and times,[1]
And be not peevish[2] fond[3] in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I 'll bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me Richard, very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind[4].

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Kissing her. Exit Q.* ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!—
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF *in haste;*[5] CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

[1] and state of times: in f. e. [2] *Foolish.* [3] found: in f. e. [4] This *line, only in* the folio. [5] The words, "*in haste,*" are not in f. e

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.[1]
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,
[*To* CATESBY.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.
Enter STANLEY.
K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well,[2] as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we,
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

[1] This line is not in the quartos. [2] Sir, as you guess, as you guess: in quartos.

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, my good lord; therefore, mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king.
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I 'll not trust thee.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart[1] be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his[2] elder brother,
With many more confederates are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

[1] faith: in quartos. [2] his brother there: in quartos.

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty
[*Kneeling.*[1]
Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine. [*Rising.*[2]
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquess Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head:

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

The fear of that holds off[1] my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented,
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name and mark[2] resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley:
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth;
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Giving Papers to Sir* CHRISTOPHER. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM *led to Execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good[3] lord; therefore, be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

[1] withholds: in quartos. [2] The words, "and mark," are not in f. e. [3] Not in quartos.

False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck[1]:—
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Officers.*

SCENE II.—A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, *Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
[*Showing a Paper.*[2]
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The reckless,[3] bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Is[4] now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,[5]
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

[1] now—is fallen upon my head: in quartos. [2] Not in f. e.
[3] wretched: in f. e. [4] lies: in quartos. [5] swords: in quartos.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for
Which in his dearest need will fly[1] from him. [fear,
Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Forces; the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.*
But where to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—
Call for some men of sound direction.—
Let 's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.

[1] greatest need will shrink: in quartos.

My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.[1]
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it:
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night.[2]
Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt.—Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
In to my tent, the dew[3] is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*
Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.
K. Rich What is 't o'clock.
Cate. It 's supper time, my lord; it 's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

[1] [2] These lines are not in the quartos. [3] air: in quartos.

Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
[*Wine brought.*[1]
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*King* RICHARD *retires into his Tent. Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.
RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*
Enter STANLEY.
Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,

[1] Not in f. e.

Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise[1] me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory,
Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Lords, &c., with* STANLEY.
O! Thou, whose captain I account myself, [*Kneeling.*[2]
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory! [*Rising.*[2]
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, *Son to* HENRY *the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow
[*To King* RICHARD.
Think how thou stabb'dst me, in my prime of youth,
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die.—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY *the Sixth rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
To King RICHARD.
By thee was punched full of deadly[4] holes.
Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,

[1] *Weigh.* [2] [3] Not in f. e. [4] Not in folio.

Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou,[1] and flourish.

The Ghost of CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.
[*To King* RICHARD.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* RICHMOND.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish.

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;
[To *King* RICHARD.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die.

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.
[*To King* RICHARD.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy pointless[2] lance. Despair, and die.—
[*To King* RICHARD.

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
[*To* RICHMOND.
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To King* RICHARD.
And in a bloody battle end thy days.
Think on lord Hastings: so[3] despair, and die.
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead[4] within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] and: in f. e. [4] So the quarto, 1597; the other old copies: laid.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy powerless arm.[1] Despair, and die.—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHMOND.
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
[*To King* RICHARD.
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;
[*To* RICHMOND.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King* RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

[1] edgeless sword: in f. e.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, foul[1] perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree:
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord.—

K. Rich.[2] Who 's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—
What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.[3]

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King* RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

Enter OXFORD *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, [*Waking.*] and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

[1] perjury: in f. e. [2] Zounds, who 's there: in quartos. [3] This and the previous speech, are not in the folios.

Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart[1] is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 't is time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the Troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen.
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children[2] quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;

[1] soul: in quartos. [2] *Requite.*

God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.
[*Calendar brought.*[1]
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle.—Caparison my horse.—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward[2] shall be drawn out in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst,
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow them
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] My foreward shall be drawn out all in length: in f. e.

This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a Paper.*

K. Rich. "Jocky of Norfolk be not too[1] bold,
[*Reads.*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember who you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would distrain[2] the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*

[1] All old copies but quarto, 1634, read: so. [2] restrain: in t. a.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold[1] yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

[1] boldly: in folio.

Lo! here, this[1] long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it,[2] and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not, amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,[3]
O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together:
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Rebate[4] the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say, amen!

[*Exeunt.*

[1] these royalties: in folio. [2] enjoy it: not in folio. [3] f. e. place a full stop at the end of this line. [4] Abate: in f. e.

KING HENRY VIII.

"The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-eight pages; viz. from p. 205 to p. 232, inclusive. It is the last play in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the later impressions in the same form.

INTRODUCTION.

THE principal question, in relation to Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," is, when it was written. We are satisfied, both by the internal and external evidence, that it came from the poet's pen after James I. had ascended the throne.

Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was little calculated to please Elizabeth, it seems to us that Cranmer's prophecy, in Act v. sc. 4, is quite decisive. There the poet first speaks of Elizabeth, and of the advantages derived from her rule, and then proceeds in the clearest manner to notice her successor:—

> "Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
> The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
> Her ashes new create another heir,
> As great in estimation as herself;
> So shall she leave her blessedness to one
> (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness
> Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
> Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
> And so stand fix'd."

Ingenuity cannot pervert these lines to any other meaning; but it has been said that they, and some others which follow them, were a subsequent introduction; and, moreover, that they were the work of Ben Jonson, on some revival of the play in the reign of James I. There does not exist the slightest evidence to establish either proposition. Any person, reading the whole of Cranmer's speech at the christening, can hardly fail to perceive such an entireness and sequence of thoughts and words in it, as to make it very unlikely that it was not dictated by the same intellect, and written by the same pen. Malone and others made up their minds that "Henry the Eighth" was produced before the death of Elizabeth; and finding the passage we have quoted directly in the teeth of this supposition, they charged it as a subsequent addition, fixed the authorship of it upon a different poet, and printed it within brackets.

As to external evidence, there is one fact which has never had sufficient importance given to it. We allude to the fol-

lowing memorandum in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"12 Feb. 1604

"Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it; and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy."

Chalmers asserted, without qualification, that this entry referred to a contemporaneous play by Samuel Rowley, under the title of "When you see me you know me," 1605; but the "enterlude" is expressly called in the entry "K. Henry 8th," and we feel no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604. The memorandum, judging from its terms, seems to have been made, not at the instance of Nathaniel Butter, the bookseller, but of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and in order to prevent a surreptitious publication of the play. The "12 Feb. 1604," was, of course, according to our present reckoning the 12 Feb. 1605, and at that date Butter had not begun to print "Henry the Eighth." No edition of it is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, and we may infer that Butter failed in getting "good allowance" with "the wardens' hands to it."

The Globe Theatre was destroyed on 29th June, 1613, the thatch with which it was covered having been fired by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance. (Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii. p. 298.) It has been stated by Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, that the play then in a course of representation was "Henry the Eighth;" but Sir Henry Wotton, who is very particular in his description of the calamity, asserts that the play was called "All is True." There is little doubt that he is right, because a ballad, printed on the occasion, has the burden of "All is True" at the end of every stanza. The question then is, whether this was Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" under a different title, or a different play? Sir Henry Wotton informs us in terms that it was "a new play," and as he was right in the title, we may have the more faith in his statement respecting the novelty of the performance.

In the instance of "Henry the Eighth," as of many other works by our great dramatist, there is ground for believing that there existed a preceding play on the same story. Henslowe's Diary affords us some curious and important evidence on this point, unknown to Malone. According to this authority two plays were written in the year 1601 for the Earl of Nottingham's players, on the events of the life of Cardinal Wolsey, including necessarily some of the chief incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. These plays consisted of a first and second part, the one called "The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey," and the other, "Cardinal Wolsey." We collect that the last was produced first, and the success it met with on the stage was perhaps the occasion of the second

drama, containing, in fact, the commencement of the story. Of this course of proceeding Henslowe's Diary furnishes several other examples.

The earliest entry relating to "Cardinal Wolsey," (the second play in the order of the incidents, though the earliest in point of production) is dated 5th June, 1601, when Henry Chettle was paid 20*s.* "for writing the book of Cardinal Wolsey." On the 14th July he was paid 40*s.* more on the same account, and in the whole, between 5th June and 17th July, he was paid 5*l.*, as large a sum as he usually obtained for a new play.

We have no positive testimony of the success of "Cardinal Wolsey," of which Chettle was the sole author; but we are led to infer it, because very soon afterwards we find no fewer than four poets engaged upon the production of the drama under the title of "The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey," which, doubtless, related to his early life, and to his gradual advance in the favour of Henry VIII. These four poets were Drayton, Chettle, Munday, and Wentworth Smith; and so many pens, we may conjecture, were employed, that the play might be brought out with all dispatch, in order to follow up the popularity of what may be looked upon as the second part of the same "history." Another memorandum in Henslowe's Diary tends to the same conclusion, for it appears that the play was licensed piece-meal by the Master of the Revels, that it might be put into rehearsal as it proceeded, and represented immediately after it was finished.

A farther point established by the same authority is, that Henslowe expended an unusual amount in getting up the drama. On the 10th Aug. 1601, he paid no less than 21*l.* for "velvet, sattin, and taffeta" for the dresses, a sum equal now to about 100*l.* Upon the costumes only, in the whole, considerably more than 200*l.* were laid out, reckoning the value of money in 1601 at about five times its value at present.

We may conclude with tolerable certainty that Shakespeare wrote "Henry the Eighth" in the winter of 1603–4, and that it was first acted at the Globe soon after the commencement of the season there, which seems to have begun towards the close of April, as soon as a theatre open to the weather could be conveniently employed. The coronation procession of Anne Bullen forms a prominent feature in the drama; and as the coronation of James I. and Anne of Denmark took place on the 24th July, 1603, we may not unreasonably suppose that the audiences at the Globe were intended to be reminded of that event, and that the show, detailed with such unusual minuteness in the folio of 1623, was meant as a remote imitation of its splendour. The opinion, that Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" was undoubtedly written after the accession of James I., was expressed and printed by us nearly twenty years ago. The words "aged princess," (no part of the imputed addition by Ben Jonson) would never have been used by Shakespeare during the life of Elizabeth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen. Garter, King at Arms.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded[1] with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I 'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

[1] *Bordered.*

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung,
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,

'T was said, they saw but one: and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they praise 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis[1] was believ'd.

Buck. O! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view.

Buck. The office did
Distinctly his full function.[2] Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech[3] can, with his very bulk,
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he[4] gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives him, and which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye

[1] Of Southampton, the hero of an old romance. [2] This sentence is assigned to NORFOLK, in f. e. [3] A *ball of fat*, rolled up by butchers. [4] O: in folio. Steevens made the change.

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
(Without the privity o' the king) t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too,[1] whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O! many
Have broke their backs, with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister the consummation[2] of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

[1] To: in folio; which Knight retains. [2] minister communication: in f. e.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider farther, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY (*the Purse borne before him*), *certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where 's his examination?

1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's brood[1]
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone t' the king:
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills,

[1] book: in f. e.

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I 'll say 't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend: this holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to show his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king, our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord!
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—
O! my lord Abergan'y, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot.—No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder;* WOLSEY, *the Lords of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Officers, Secretary.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council occupy their several Places: the Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet on his right Side.

A Noise within, crying Room for the Queen! *Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The King rises from his State, takes her up, kisses her, and places her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The ties[1] of royalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein, and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,

[1] sides: in f. e.

Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in ought
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known, belike[1], which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
Their tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[2]
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing. let me say,

[1] alike: in f. e. [2] baseness: in f. e.

'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once[1] weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trebling[2] contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is one[3] in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,

[1] *Sometimes.* [2] trembling: in f. e. [3] run: in f. e.

And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd[1] carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute

[1] he 'll: in folio. The change was made by Rowe.

With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor 's heir,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous
From this to ruminate on it so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answered, "Tush!
It can do me no damage:" adding farther,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say farther?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—
K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?
Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence, which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee: what say'st?
Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us.—He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He is a daring traitor to the height.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

[1] He 's traitor to the height: in f. e.

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
Or springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.—How now!
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 't is there: now, I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;

A French song and a fiddle have no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting of them: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r-lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O! 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal: in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his sway[1] should be most liberal;
They are sent[2] here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests; then enter ANNE BULLEN, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

[1] way: in f. e. [2] set: in f. e.

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord! y' are tardy;
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I 'll take the charge of this.
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his State.*

Wol. Y' are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace how they would talk anon.

[*Drum and Trumpets within; Chambers*[1] *discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y' are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue:
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*

[1] *Small pieces of ordnance.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.
Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.
A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me[1]
To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King takes* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O, beauty!
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord!—
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me.
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Cham. whispers the Maskers, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then. [*Comes from his State.*
By your good leaves, gentlemen, here I 'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal. [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:

[1] This word is not in f. e.

You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady 's that?
Cham. An 't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—[*Kisses her.*][1] A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry: [Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O!—God save you.
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

[1] Not in f. e.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly.
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally;—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the Axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be:
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there!
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I'am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will one day make them groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when[1] they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

1 *Gent.* O! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger

[1] where: in f. e.

He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice
To the good queen possess'd him with a scruple,
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."
I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'T is so.
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do: he 'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business.
And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that have so long slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let 's in,
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
My lord, you 'll bear us company? [him.—
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Curtain drawn: the King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.
Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha!
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to: I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—
[*Raising his book.*[1]
Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.
Who 's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* WOLSEY.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

[1] Not in f. e.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I 'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
[*Kneeling and rising again.*[1]
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you came.—Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

[1] Not in f. e.

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They walk and whisper.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither:—here 's the pang that pinches;
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her: by my life,
She never knew harm-doing.—O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter, than
Sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that cruel fortune do divorce[1]
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again?

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity

[1] if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce, &c.: in f. e.

Of your soft cheveril[1] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in troth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off[2] a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing:[3] I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

[1] *Kid-skin.* [2] *Descend.* [3] Referring to the *ball*, one of the royal insignia.

Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' improve[1] the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well: [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I 'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('t is an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train

[1] approve: in f. e.

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this elate[1] my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the Bishops of* LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals* WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS: *two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so.—Proceed.

[1] salute: in f. e.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st knife[1] of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for

[1] kind: in f. e.

A prince most prudent, of an excellent
An unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer[1] the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again;
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,

[1] desire: in f. e.

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which, before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y' are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.
Cam. The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
She 's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Cricr. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush.[1] Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on.
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.—She 's nobly born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught

[1] In some mod. eds. this speech is given, without warrant, to GRIFFITH.

That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. Y' are excus'd;
But will you be more justified? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to 't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick. on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent, on the debating
A[1] marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me

[1] And: in old copies. Pope made the change.

Many a groaning throe. Thus, hulling[1] in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln: you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

[1] *Driven* to and fro by the waves.

This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. [*Aloud.*]—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers.
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness.

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving, and most gracious: 't will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them:
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost study in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly:
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers;
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.
Nor. O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this

Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O! how? how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now may all joy[1]
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't.
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no:

[1] Now all my joy: in f. e.

There be more wasps than buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha! louder.
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal— [*They stand back.*[1]

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

[1] Not in f. e.

Anne Bullen? No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord! for thy justice.
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle. [*Retires, musing.*[1]
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-chord on 's heart.
Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and LOVELL.
Suf. The king, the king!
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have [*Coming forward.*[2]
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me! [*Amazedly.*[1]
Ever God bless your highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual labour[2] a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;

[1] Not in f. e. [2] leisure: in f. e.

He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Behind.*

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul: though perils did

Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this:
[*Giving him Papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* WOLSEY: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:
[*Opens the Paper and reads, trembling.*[1]
This paper has undone me!—'T is th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this?—"To the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. [*Sinks in a chair.*[2]

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher[1]-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Wol. Stay: [*Rising.*[2]
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy;
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye; and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice:
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;

[1] *Esher.* [2] Not in f. e.

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks[1].
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life.—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But, that I am bound in charity against it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,

[1] Larks are *lured* by small mirrors attached to scarlet cloth.

And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those, than my head. Have at you.—
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere[1] undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.

[1] *Absolute.*

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost:
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's somewhat sudden;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That 's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down.
O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use[1] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,

[1] *Interest.*

To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have.—Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You 're well met once again.
2 *Gent.* So are you.
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'T is very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward: next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—
[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets.

1. *Then, two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms; and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know:
Who 's that, that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'T is the same; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady.
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd 'i the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream,
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace arose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'T is now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that,
However, yet there 's no great breach: when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith! sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.—
[*Sits down.*[1]
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,

[1] Not in f. e.

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie lightly[1] on him:
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;

[1] gently: in f. e.

But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good man[1] did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtesies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs

[1] that: in f. e.

of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone, [*Waking.*
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy coldness?[1] Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
[*Kneeling.*[2]
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

[1] cold: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord!
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope, she will deserve well; and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed ;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me ;
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him ; met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas:
Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour;
They say, in great extremity, and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry thee amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: y' are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's[1] made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; farther, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,

[1] is: in folio. Theobald made the change.

Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the counsel, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented[1]. He 's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness

[1] *Summoned.*

A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [*Exit* SUFFOLK.
Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:
[*Aside.*
I am happily come hither.
Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.
K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?
[*Aside.*[1]
'T is his aspect of terror: all 's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty [*Kneeling.*[2]
T' attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: to[3] a brother of us,

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] you: in f. e.

It fits me thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
[*Kneeling.*[1]
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
[*Rising.*[2]
Pr'ythee, let 's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, farther.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The ground[3] I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves, as corrupt,
To swear against you: such things have been done:
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] good: in f. e.

The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He 's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady, in haste.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Lady. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?

I will have more. or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast! what means this? Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad, [*Aside.*
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

Cran. 'T is Butts,
The king's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What 's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'T is he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well, there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least good manners) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain,* GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and culpable[1]
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,

[1] capable: in f. e.

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more strives[1] against
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the[2] public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower:
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,

[1] stirs: in f. e. [2] a: in f. e.

Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary:
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much:
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.
Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Enter Guard.

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'T is now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them: he takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I 'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [*To* CRANMER.] sit down. Now, let me see
the proudest, [CRANMER *sits.*[1]
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this[2] place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have the while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
[*They embrace him:* GARDINER *last.*[3]
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

[1] Not in f. e. [2] his: in folio. Rowe made the change. [3] This direction not in f. e.

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons[1].
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset:
Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.
Gar. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it. [*Embrace again.*[2]
Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden[3]? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? [*Tumult within.*[4]]

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot

[1] A custom is here referred to, of sponsors presenting spoons to a child at baptism. They were called *Apostle spoons*, from the figures carved at the top of their handles. [2] These words are not in f. e. [3] A *bear-garden* on the Bank-side; also used for dramatic performances. [4] These words are not in f. e.

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a queen[1] again;
And that I would not for a crown,[2] God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? [*Noise.*[3]] Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake[4] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer[5] fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs[6]! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. [*Shouts.*[7]

[1] chine: in f. e. [2] cow: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e. [4] A *serpent*; also, a kind of *firework*. [5] *Cap*, so shaped. [6] The usual city cry. [7] Not in f. e.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples: that no audience, but the Tribulation[1] of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse[2], their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

[*Tumult and Shouts.*[3]

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still, too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There 's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y' are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[4] when [*Trumpets.*[5]
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, [*Tumult and confusion.*[6]
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pole[7] else. [*Exeunt.*

[1] [2] A reference to some Puritan set, or place of assembly. [3] Not in f. e. [4] Large *leather vessels* for holding liquor. [5] [6] Not in f. e. [7] pales: in f. e.

SCENE IV.—The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
[*Kneeling.*
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop.
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.— [CRAN. *rises.*[1]
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life. [*Kissing the child.*

Cran. Amen!

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never

[1] Not in f. e.

More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [ness)
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

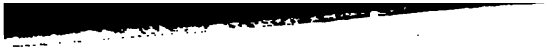
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die:
She must; the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O, lord archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.

This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say, 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"that 's witty,"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.



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